

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

THOUGH MANY BIG BUGS ARE OUT OF TOWN THERE'S PLENTY OF IT.

The New Baby at the Chinese Legation. The National Capitol Undergoing Its Annual House Cleaning and Repairs—A Story About Ex-Speaker Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Even in mid-summer, when the national capital is one of the duller of places, gossip goes on. As a nation of gossips it is probable we beat all the other nations of the earth, unless it is the English, and their gossip is confined to a single city, while here gossip is universal and unconfined. You ought to come down and take a look at the American capital enjoying its summer siesta. Its quiet and loneliness are almost picturesque. Pennsylvania avenue, the great thoroughfare, which in winter teems with life and activity, with figures of national interest, men and women known the world over, is now like the main street of a country town. The street cars still run, but they are pretty lazy about it, and a great majority of their passengers are colored people. In the northwest section of the city, where most of the people of prominence in social or official life live, two houses out of three have the blinds constantly drawn and the milkman never rings the bell at the basement door.

It is in this section of the city that the getaway people live, and they are gone to Europe, to the mountains, to the seashore, to the country. With a few exceptions, only the servants and the colored people remain. In this part of the city the side streets and the alleys between them teem with a black population. The negroes do not go away for the summer. The balmy climate of Washington—of the Washington of 1891, for it is not always so balmy—is good enough for them. They fill the streets, they monopolize the horse cars, they have the parks to themselves. In consequence, the stranger who comes to Washington and takes a ride through the aristocratic northwest, as all strangers do, is amazed to discover that the colored in the non-resident district that even the folk outnumber the whites five to one.

All but one of the foreign legations, and there are about a score of them in Washington, are closed for the summer. The representatives of foreign countries, whatever may be their custom at home, very soon acquire the fashionable American habit of going away for the summer. The only legation house now open is that occupied by the Chinese, and family reasons, as well as native disinclination to give up a comfortable home and go away to spend one's money in the pursuit of doubtful pleasures, have kept the Chinese at their posts. The new Chinese baby is now about six weeks old, and for more than ten days has been taking an airing every afternoon in Dupont circle. It is a pretty little girl, with a very round face and the queerest little "pig" eyes ever saw. It takes the outing in a gorgeous baby carriage of American make, though I am told a fine Chinese carriage, worth more than a hundred dollars, is on the way.

The coach now in use was bought at a store down town, and when it was delivered at the legation, two or three weeks ago, all the attaches fell in love with it and vied with each other for the honor of wheeling it about, empty. Now they are even more fond of taking the infant prodigy out in the circle, and it is not uncommon to see four or five big, fat fellows, with their robes of blue and their odd shaped caps, wheeling about that one little baby, as proud of it as a hen with a brood of new peepies. Occasionally during the past few days the mother of the child, the minister's wife, has been out with the carriage, and for all I can see she is just as fond of her baby, just as proud of it and just as delighted when the women and girls and children of the neighborhood rush up to the coach and go into raptures over its occupant, as any American mother could be. I fancy that human nature is pretty much the same the world over.

The appearance of the Chinese baby in the circle is the signal for the scampering in that direction of about all the maidens and children, white and black, within a half dozen blocks. The word goes along, "The Chinese baby is out," depopulates all the houses and streets in the neighborhood. The minister's wife smiles at every one who smiles at her baby, and the gorgeous red top of the little coach is always surrounded by a curious, admiring and cackling crowd. The minister's wife, being a high born lady, never appears without a servant with her, and the servant always sticks close to her mistress, and usually has hold of her hand. It is the servant's duty to help the mistress walk and save her from falling down. The mother, poor thing, has no feet, nothing but stumps, on which she hobbles about most painfully. The maid, not being of the aristocracy, has a pretty good pair of feet under her, though many an American woman would like to be able to wear as small a shoe as she wears.

"What a pity," said I one day to Mr. Ho, the translator of the legation, as we sat in the circle watching the infant in her all conquering perambulations, "that this pretty baby must grow up to have her feet stunted and deformed in that fashion."

"It seems so to you," replied the big translator, with a roguish look in his eyes, "but you must remember that she has one advantage—she will not be compelled to grow up with her body deformed by the use of a corset." I went up to the Capitol the other day to see what the great building looks like in its summer suit. The exterior is as grand and noble as ever, but the interior is undergoing that annual process of house cleaning which it appears no building in this Yankee land, be it great or small, enjoys immunity from. The supreme court room looks like a carpenter's shop. The senate had no seats in it, no desks, no carpet upon the floor, and a good deal of the floor has been torn up.

The house of representatives was in a

of my brain so bung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned spirit."

A WORLDLING'S DEATH. I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its walls were a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed, and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row, but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm, that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble, and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it.

Oh, you who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "You have sold yourselves for naught." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out of a bed, and a few cups and knives, but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul—going! gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

ONCE LOST IT IS GONE FOREVER. How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again, if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that, panting, you would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outpost of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven, restoring you in the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in this matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through dollars and pounds sterling, means nothing at the gates of heaven. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer, Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no, it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes 12, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and he descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

NO RELIGION OF BRAINS. We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lance into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of my Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have re-occurred the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and thisicide, confer your guilt today. Ten thousand voices of heaven

bring in the verdict against you of guilty! guilty! Prepare to die or believe in the blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

HEAVEN WANTS YOU. It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his temple, the blood on his cheek, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood in the knee, the blood in the foot—the blood in the foot, the blood in the rills, the blood in pools congealed beneath the cross, the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the faces of his enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. "You have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee he shed it—for thee the hard hearted, for thee the lost? "No," says some one, "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry, 'His blood be on us and on our children!'" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handskerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat him upon whom everything depends.

Beware! Beware! I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the trine God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." After just that, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that verdant blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimiter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea! with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

ALL MAY BE SAVED. Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the lifeboat put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another, but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier heads and on the beach waving their hands and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So may it be today. The waves of your sin are high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

Clever Aunt. Little Jack had returned from a week's visit to his Aunt Jess' farm up the Hudson. He saw a great many things there very different from any he ever did at home, among others aunt's churn butter. He was greatly interested by the dasher's jumping up and down in the churn, and the first evening of his return to the city stopped, after the first big bite into his bread and butter, to remark: "You just ought to see how aunt makes butter with a barrel and a broomstick!"—New York Recorder.

Of Value to Lecturers and Students. A luminous crayon has been invented for the purpose of enabling lecturers to draw on the blackboard when the room is darkened for the use of the lantern. The invention is likely to prove of value not only to the lecturers who use the lantern, but also (in another form) to those students who wish to take notes.—New York Telegram.



How to Take Care of the Complexion.

A noted French dermatologist recommends a certain number of hours' sleep at night, with an afternoon siesta each day, as the best and only sure remedy for a faded complexion. One or two Turkish baths a week, with a great deal of rest, will transform sallowness into freshness and color. A veil worn on the street, especially in the springtime, prevents the fine dust playing havoc with the skin. The face should be washed every night with pure soap and hot water and dried with a soft flannel cloth. Nearly all cosmetics are harmful and should be eschewed. Rice powder is healing and healthy, but it should be carefully removed from the face before retiring.

How to Treat Sunstroke.

When a person is seized with symptoms of sunstroke, or heat apoplexy, the chief aim should be to abstract heat from the body. Cold douches and exposure to a current of free cold air are the readiest treatments. In India it is a common practice to plunge a sunstruck person into a well or puddle of water. Because of the well known effect of quinine in reducing temperature, the hypodermic use of this agent has been employed with excellent effect.

How to Wash Clothes.

Plunge the clothes in warm water, to which has been added some washing powder and a small quantity (say a tablespoonful per gallon) of ammonia. Knead them for a few minutes and allow them to rest for, say, half an hour; then strain off and add more water, powder and a smaller quantity of ammonia. Allow the clothes to soak for several hours, at the end of which time they can be removed, rinsed in cold water and hung up to dry. Every particle of dirt will have been removed by the decomposing chemical action of the powder and ammonia upon the alkaline matter contained in the body stains on the clothes. Linen and white clothes should be boiled after steeping, before rinsing in cold water. By this simple process much muscular energy will be saved and clothing be made to last longer.

How to Stain Wood Blue.

Boil a quart of a pound of turnsole for an hour in three pints of lime water and color the wood with it.

How to Act on the Street.

Probably the first rule of street promenade is, "Keep your own side of the road." Never jostle against ladies; always get out of their path when they are approaching you from an opposite direction, and if, perchance, you knock against them, lift your hat and apologize politely, but briefly. This politeness should also be exercised between men, and is indicative of good breeding. Never stare at a lady in the street or turn around to look at her—it is unmanly and rude. Loud talking is vulgar; spitting, cursing and swearing abominable.

How to Select Lobsters.

There are many ways of telling good lobsters from bad. If they are freshly caught and alive the claws will move violently when you press the eyes with your fingers. The heaviest are always best. If the shell yields upon moderate pressure they are not good. If the tail of a ready boiled lobster is flabby, or will not spring back when pulled, reject it. Medium sized lobsters are best, but they should not be too old. If the shell is incriminated it is a certain sign that they are old.

How to Prevent Dry Rot.

Many a building has fallen in because of "dry rot" in the joists and beams which supported them. This disease can be easily prevented by soaking the timber in a solution of copperas. The sulphuric acid of the solution reacts every part of the timber and has an effect upon it somewhat analogous to that which charring has upon the surface of telegraph poles. Beams prepared in this way have been tried side by side with some which were not treated, and it was found that the soaked beams remained sound for many years, while the others had acquired the "dry rot" and decayed.

How to Cure Burns.

If a burn or scald is instantly covered with wadding, wool, cotton, lint or any dry, harmless powder and the air excluded it can safely be left to nature to heal rapidly. If these be not at hand, cover the parts with sweet oil. A saive of burgundy pitch, beeswax and olive oil put on with a linen bandage is also an excellent remedy.

How to Select Silk.

There are so many imitations of silk upon the market that a few simple rules will be useful for discerning the good material from the bad. If you gather the fabric into folds, across its width, and the folds are sharp like those of paper, it is bad; the folds of good silk will be rounded and soft. To ascertain if white silk contains cotton suspend a piece in a wide mouthed bottle containing chloride of lime. The threads of cotton will remain white, while the chlorine gas evolved from the lime will change the silk to a dull yellow.

How to Use Pepper.

Many people are under the impression that black and white peppers are the products of two separate plants. Both are the dried seeds of a creeping plant known as piper nigrum. The white only differs from the black by having been blanched by soaking in water and the removal of the skin. But as much of the white pepper consists of inferior seeds which, having shriveled and fallen from the plant, have been blanched by the exposure, it is wisest to use only the black.

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